



Blue Quills

December 1951

Billiam

MAGAZINE OF QUEENS COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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The BLUE QUILL

DECEMBER
1951



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MERGING *Queens Blues* and *The Quill*

A wide-awake campus needs a wide-awake publication. Often in the past students at Queens have heard campus news before it could be printed. This handicap is almost inevitable on a small campus such as ours. Another regrettable tendency of our students has been to separate formal

learning from living. The literary magazine has reflected this attitude.

The Publications Board carefully considered ways of meeting the situation. The members decided to recommend a combination of the *Queens Blues* with *The Quill* to form a new publication including the features

of both the newspaper and the magazine. Since this recommendation was adopted in November, the group suggested that three issues be published during the current college year. The suggestions of the Board were presented to the Budget Committee of the Student Government Association and unanimously approved.

If *The Blue Quill* reflects Queen's creative approach and forcefully and logically voices student opinion, we shall print it as a quarterly. We believe *The Blue Quill* is and will be part of Queen's progress.



Habitation

Frances Macpherson

His dwelling was a wooden house;
No windows let the light.
He burned his home
And lived in glass—
A cold fluidity.

Brick walls he slowly built
And windows shuttered close
Admitted patterned light.

CARSON INSURANCE AGENCY

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"On The Square
By The Clock"

WELCOME

To Dr. Jernigan

"Welcome" is inadequate to express our joy at having you with us. We have felt a breath of new life since your arrival. We are rediscovering the worth and possibilities of Queens and becoming more deeply interested in her welfare and progress.

We delight in your modern interpretation and application of classical education and in practical expressions of your progressive attitude:

your insisting on maintaining high academic standards, getting new facilities and equipment for the college, and fostering closer friendship between Queens and Charlotte and between Queens and her alumnae.

We feel that our college is developing latent power and moving forward to meet today. We believe that we have found a friend and a dynamic educator.

The Queens Students

NEW STORE

By Kathryn Hickman . . .

THE MEMBERS of the junior and senior classes at Queens have in their days on this campus seen the realization of two dreams: Belk Chapel and the Stultz Building. Now they, along with the underclassmen, are seeing the fulfillment of another dream in the new Queens store which, it is hoped, will soon become the center of the social life of the campus.

President's Idea

Students at Queens were formally introduced to the plans for the new store at a meeting of the student body in October. It was then that Dr. Jernigan presented his "dream child," and his idea was met with great enthusiasm. The new president of the college began by telling the students of his dissatisfaction with the Y-store which, as all the Queens family knows, had served long and well but was definitely inadequate and left much to be desired. "Where," Dr. Jernigan asked of himself, "is the free, joyous life spiced with mirrors (He was not speaking of the Burwell mirrors!), music, and fun which is a natural part of one's college years?" It was and had always been his belief that "it's a mighty poor home that won't give its daughter a decent place to have a date"; where on the Queens campus—"home" to over one hundred girls for three fourths of the year—was there such a place? Dr. Jernigan wants to "make it smart to come to Queens"; what help could

the facilities for social functions which were then available offer in this wish? The answers to these questions were "nowhere" and "no help"!

Dr. Jernigan began to wonder more and more about his idea. He contacted J. Norman Pease, a devoted friend of Queens College and a leading Charlotte engineer, who checked the possible available spaces which could be utilized for such a place. Together they found the place and hit upon the plan. A perfect spot was made by knocking down a couple of walls in Morrison Hall, thereby combining two unused rooms with the lounge. The architect went to work, and craftsmen who are employed year-round by the Belk Department Store were engaged to build the swank counter and the unusual U-shaped booths. Students watched the metamorphosis of the drab room into a lively center for campus social activity just as children watch the Santa Claus in a store window at Christmastime.

Plan Interests Belk

Little could have been done in the formation of the new store had not Dr. Jernigan kept up his good work. He worked at selling his idea, and sell it he did. Mr. Henderson Belk, one of Queens College's best friends anywhere, was approached. Mr. Belk could not help finding the idea appealing; he had memories of

his campus dates at Queens! And so Mr. Belk decided to give to Queens the new college store. It was given in honor of Mrs. H. H. Everett, Mr. Belk's mother-in-law.

Mr. George W. Dowdy, general manager of Belk Brothers Company, is also cooperating with Mr. Belk in the arrangement of displays for merchandise layouts.

Other Donors

Other people and business concerns became interested in the new Queens project. The Park Place Pharmacy gave a Coca-Cola dispenser. An orange-juice dispenser was given by the Reliance Fruit and Produce Company, and Carolina Foods Company gave an electric sandwich toaster. Mr. J. Luther Snyder donated a Coca-Cola cooler several weeks ago. Standard Brands Company has given a coffee maker and an electric burner. Lance Packing Company and Swinson Food Products are furnishing racks and display cases for crackers, cookies, etc. Hatch Hosiery Company is furnishing display racks for the full line of hosiery they will install.

Future Plans

Dr. Jernigan wants the new store to become the symbol of a more unified and vigorous life on the Queens campus. He hopes that the students will make it their own by actively participating in its development. This is

(Continued on page 4)

OPEN-MINDEDNESS

WE STUDENTS decide what we are going to learn in college. Here we can learn how to be machines of mental reproduction, or we can learn to think. We can learn to understand people whose attitudes are different from ours and learn to evaluate these attitudes. We can learn to knit faultless Argyles and weave gossamer conversations. We can recognize the value of classic learning and its modern applications. We can begin exploring the economics and politics of our state and country.

Indeed, there are so many possibilities that we are sometimes confused. We are slow to choose because we know that choices will leave indelible impressions on us, or perhaps, in our enthusiasm for one part of college life, we may lose our sense of proportion.

As we decide what we want to become, we see what we need to learn. There will be places open for classic learning, for dating, for sparkling conversation. We begin to see value in courses that were drudgery. Poor grades may be the result of a girl's not looking far enough to see the value of "that boring class." Poor grades may be the result of false proportions of value in the student's mind, too much cultivation of one part of her life at the expense of other parts.

It is not primarily the adjustment of sense of proportion to ultimate goal that disturbs us. That occurs automatically. We are concerned with the height of the goals that we are setting. Contemporary problems call for well-rounded, well-educated citizens, people who know where they stand and why they stand there. The world dares anyone to have convictions and still be open-minded and growing. We are going to answer its challenge.—F. M.

THE SEARCH

AMERICA and, no doubt, the rest of the world as well is security-mad. This search for permanence and stability appears first in the individual, then in the family, then in the nation as a whole.

Each human being is struggling to realize his own ideal of security. To some it is love; to some, fame and position; to some, material possessions. In the sphere of fame and position we see the "climbers." Men and women work desperately to obtain some position which to them seems relatively secure in a changing world. In the business world fellow-workers push each other around in their rivalries for advancement. In the social world we see the "climbers" finding their security in country clubs and blue books. In the sphere of material possessions we see the stress upon social security and insurance of all kinds. People seem more interested in what they will get for their work than what they will get from it. Of course it is considered desirable for a person to be ambitious and seek to better his lot in life, but a mad search for something of material substance to hold on to is becoming a number-one disease of the American people.

This restlessness is reflected in family life, as whole families strive to make good appearances, as represented in that well-known American expression "keeping up with the Joneses." Families are afraid to be different from other families, afraid of what people will say. Parents are afraid to rear their children differently. And somewhere in the selfishness and insincerity of individual hearts breeds the germ that turns individual members of families against each other and, like a cancerous growth, eats into the fiber of home life and destroys the ideal plan for life on earth.

In international relations we see each nation fighting for supremacy. Confidence among nations and a respect for international law are becoming objects of scorn. Wars breed more wars in a never-ending cycle. Prosperous nations seem loath to help their poverty-stricken neighbors unless they can see the possibility of substantial returns. There is too much politics and not enough statesmanship.

Where is the situation to be cured? It must be cured where it started: in

the individual person. We look around us and see people running everywhere and getting nowhere. We look into ourselves and discover that we are doing the same. In times of great crisis people suddenly run to the churches to seek a higher power when they feel that material goods will no longer prevail to help them. At such times people get a glimpse of life in its proper perspective; but the vision is dimmed in the pettiness of everyday life, and each person falls again into his wordly routine. People forget what they are looking for; they do not know what it is they actually want. They do not realize that the object of their search is seeking them. In the bustling and bickering of everyday life they do not hear the quiet voice: "Be still, and know that I am God."—C. D.

NEW STORE

(Continued from page 3)

why, under the guidance of Mrs. Rebecca Bryant, professor of art, students will paint and decorate parts of the store. Students chosen by members of Alpha Kappa Gamma, honorary leadership fraternity, on the basis of their records in college will operate the store when it could not otherwise be possible to open it: between 5:00 and 6:00 and between 6:30 and 10:30 on Monday through Friday evenings.

The store will have not only a soda fountain and facilities for all sorts of refreshments but also will house one of the most popular campus spots: the post office. Mail boxes will be placed on casters diagonally at the south end of the room so that they may be moved when more dancing room is needed; music for dancing will be furnished by a juke-box. The pen-nants, collegiate animals, and other such things which Queens students have wanted for so long will be there, too.

Whatever it may be called, the Queens store will probably become the busiest spot on the campus, after its grand opening sometime in the first part of January. But wait there, gal! Go easy on those milkshakes! You've got to be able to zip that new formal before you can wear it to the New Year's Eve dance!

Boar's Head Tradition



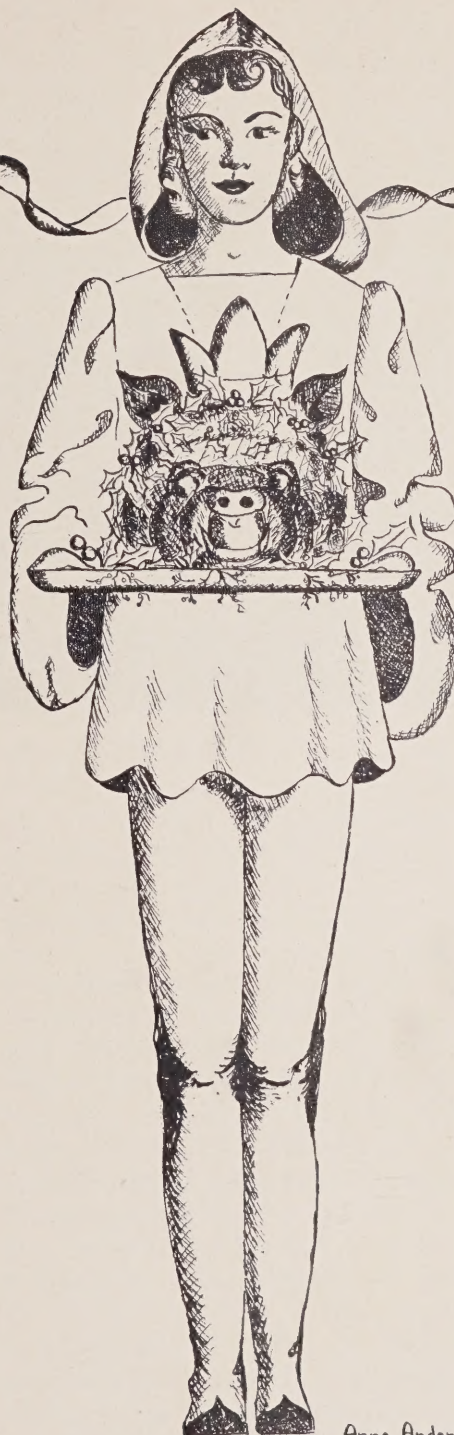
ON THE EVENING of December 18, 1951, Queens College will hold its seventeenth annual boar's head dinner, following a colorful old English custom which was first observed at Queens in 1934, when Miss Alma Edwards was Dean of Students.

In medieval England it was conventional to commence the principal Christmas feasts by the solemn observance of bringing in the boar's head, which provided the initial course of the meal. The chief cook, preceded by trumpeters and other musicians, and followed by huntsmen with their boar spears and pages carrying mustard, carried aloft the roasted head of the boar on a silver platter, which was placed at the head of the table. The boar's head was adorned with rosemary and laurel, and a lemon or apple was placed in its mouth.

The custom dates back to pre-Christian times when the Druids slew a boar at the time of the winter solstice and presented its head as a sacrifice to Freya, the goddess of peace and plenty, who was thought to ride upon a boar with golden bristles.

Queen Victoria retained the old custom of celebrating her Christmas dinner with the bringing in of the boar's head, performed with the solemnity of the ancient ceremony.

In many public schools and universities the boar's head tradition is observed. At these institutions the liners rise and participate in the "Boar's Song," which has been sung for many centuries. The words are as follows:



Anne Anderson

A CAROL BRYNGYNG IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

*Caput apri deferō
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The bore's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's head I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande
Loke wherer it be fande

Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmasse,
The bore's head with mustarde.¹

Queens College, Oxford, is famous for its retention of the boar's head ceremonial. The procedure which has been used there for five centuries is as follows: A huge boar's head, weighing about seventy pounds, is embellished with a cross, small banners, and spray arrangements of laurel, mistletoe, and rosemary. The tray is brought into the dining hall by three bearers, who are announced by trumpets. Prior to the entry of the boar's head is a procession of the Provost and Fellows. The bearers are accompanied by the precentors, who chant "Caput apri deferō, Reddens laudes Domino," the Latin refrain which is sung by the company.

The institution of this ceremony is explained by an ancient legend. About five hundred years ago a student of the college was wandering near Shotover Hill in deep contemplation of Aristotle when he was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. Having no means of defense other than his book, the student forced this down the boar's throat. The animal was choked by the works of the great sage, and the boar's head was carried back to the college in triumph by the student.

Taking part in the 1951 Boar's Head Procession will be: Boar's Head Bearer—Dot Folger, Reader—Helen Drennan, Candlestick Bearer—Eugenia Harris, Trumpeters—Jackie Davis, Doris Pons.

¹William S. Walsh, *Curiosities of Popular Customs*. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company, 1897, pp. 132-133

Dedication Of The Stultz Building

THE principal event of Founders' Day at Queens, held annually on November 10, was the dedication of the Stultz Building, gift of Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Stultz of Charlotte.

McAllister Carson, chairman of Queens College Board of Trustees, presided over the dedication ceremony. He began by giving a short talk on Mr. and Mrs. Stultz and their gift and told not only of Mr. and Mrs. Stultz's giving the building but also of four scholarships that they have given to deserving students every year since 1929.

Then Mr. Stultz presented the Stultz Building keys to Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan, president of the college. Next on the program Dr. H. V. Carson, professor of religion and philosophy, made the dedication prayer, and Dr. Lawrence I. Stell, pastor of the Trinity Presbyterian Church, gave the benediction.

Work was begun on the Stultz Building in the fall of last year. The attractive Georgian structure houses the Home Economics Department and provides facilities for the newly established Program of Home and Community Studies. Both departments have been functioning in the new building since school opened in September of this year.

On the first floor of the Stultz Building is a large living room and reading room furnished with comfortable, modern furniture carrying out an autumn brown and chartreuse color scheme. There is also an auditorium, which has been used frequently since its completion for freshman assemblies and other meetings. A third large room on the first floor is the craft room, where several groups have begun extracurricular programs in arts, crafts, and recreation. In addition to the large rooms, there are several small ones used for storage and an office.

On the second floor there are two laboratories used for the teaching of



clothing and textiles, foods and nutrition, and home management. One of them is equipped with sewing machines and the other with four kitchen units. There are also a classroom, a utility room, several smaller rooms, and an office.

The Stultz Building is symbolic of a man's belief. Mr. and Mrs. Stultz, realizing that we live in an age when basic values are being constantly challenged, have provided for Queens a building where the art of competent adult living is being taught. Through development of the young people of today Mr. and Mrs. Stultz believe that the solution to the problems of society will be found tomorrow.

Miss Alma Hull, director of Queens' new program of Home and Community Studies, believes as Mr. and Mrs. Stultz do. The purpose of the program as Miss Hull states it is "to equip young women to take their places as leaders and followers and to make a definite contribution to their home, church, and community." The means used to obtain this end is a unique schedule of courses to be followed by the Home and Community Studies major. Its foundation con-

sists of courses required for all B. A. degrees. Upon this are built courses taken from various departments, mainly in the Division of Human Relations, and courses planned especially for this major. The schedule is flexible and has room for personal choice of many subjects.

The young woman with a B. A. degree in Home and Community Studies will be prepared to go into the fields of sociology, psychology, counseling, family relations, or any one of many other related fields; or she may do graduate work in order to prepare for more specialized work. After she marries and begins making her own home, she will find her training to be a valuable background in adjusting to her new life and in taking her place socially, politically, and economically as is the modern woman's responsibility.

Queens is the only college within a large radius that can boast of a program like her new Home and Community Studies. It is only through the gift of the Stultz Building by Mr. and Mrs. Stultz and the direction of Miss Hull that Queens is able to offer this program to her students.

ROBERT TAFT + *A Foreign Policy for Americans*

Book Review
by Bobbie Jones

"I have written this book to emphasize the fact that the freedom of the people of the United States is in serious danger from the foreign policy of the present Administration." In these words, which are the first sentence of the foreword to his book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, one of the leading candidates for the Republican presidential nomination in the 1952 primary, tells his purpose in writing the book. He does not stop, however, with merely criticizing the present administration's foreign policy, but gives constructive ideas for alternative action where the present policy is said to be incompetent. As one would expect, in view of current international conflicts, a major portion of the book is concerned with Russia, prescribing what the author considers the best course for the United States to follow in dealing with her.

The purpose of our foreign policy, according to Taft, is twofold. The first and ultimate aim "must be to protect the liberty of the people of the United States. . . . Only second to liberty is the maintenance of peace." With these two purposes in mind, he continues, saying, "War should never be undertaken or seriously risked except to protect American liberty."

"Our traditional policy of neutrality and non-interference with other nations," he says, "was based on the principle that this policy was the best way to avoid disputes with other nations and to maintain the liberty of this country without war." This is not a policy of isolationism, he asserts; but it is a policy that avoids alliances and interference in foreign disputes. Taft feels that this policy is basically sound and that we should depart from it only if we are able to set up an effective international organization. He regrets that we did not join the League of Nations. As for the United Nations, it has failed, says Taft, largely because of the veto power of five

nations, a power which makes the organization ineffective unless those five nations can come to agreement on a given question. He does not favor the theory of an international state, the government of which would bear the same relation to the nations and their citizens as our federal government bears to its states and citizens. He explains that nations are so different in customs, attitudes, economic background, and concepts of government that attempts to unite them under one government would be doomed to failure. He reminds his readers that the American colonies with their comparative similarity of background had one single difference which resulted in a civil war and almost destroyed the Union. How, then, could we expect success in a federal government in which a very small percentage of the governed have any conception of democracy, "It would subject the American people to the government of a majority who do not understand what American principles are . . ." He offers as the only way to establish peace an international law, agreed to by all nations, to govern the relations of each nation with others. A "cooperative organization of sovereign nations" would be formed among those nations who agree to abide "by that law and by decisions made thereunder." The keynote of the agreement would be justice. The present United Nations Charter, while it recognizes the importance and desirability of justice, places its main emphasis upon the maintenance of peace and security with little reference to justice. "Peace and security are not synonymous with justice," and by omitting special provision for justice we "authorize the basing of decisions on expediency," for which there are no rules which cannot be changed by the majority to meet its desires.

With regard to the present world situation, Taft severely criticizes the present administration's policies in dealing with Russia. His basic criticism is that no one has worked out

a comprehensive plan for dealing with her. There have been sudden decisions, sudden reversals of decisions, and inconsistencies in our present policy. He sets a clear and concise program to check the spread of communism and keep our national economy on a stable basis. In brief, he advocates: (1) the reduction of foreign aid; (2) consistent policy in Europe and Asia; and increase of American air power. Each of these points requires qualification, however. Taft does not advocate arbitrarily cutting down our foreign aid, but believes that more careful selection in our appropriations is needed. Consistent with the purposes of his policy, he says that the only time we should give aid to other nations is when it is necessary in order to defend the liberty of the United States. He does not think we should have stopped giving aid to the Chinese Nationalists and believes we should do everything possible to defend Formosa. He believes we should have given more substantial aid in arms to South Korea before the outbreak of the war. We gave meager aid, he thinks, in contrast with our policy in Europe which has been to help without hesitation any nation, whether the giving of such help is necessary to the maintenance of our liberty or not. In Taft's opinion it is imperative that we have a more consistent policy.

Taft states that complete mobilization in peace-time is impossible and that the United States could not win a land war in Eurasia. He therefore advocates the building of our air power until the United States has absolute supremacy in the air and uniting our sea power with that of Britain, Australia, and Canada to gain control of the sea. We should maintain land forces strong enough for defense, but resort to selective service only when war makes it necessary.

A Foreign Policy for Americans is perhaps the most concise statement of policy that has come from the confusion of recent years. It is worthy of the consideration of every citizen.

DR. C. C. JERNIGAN

"You'll be crazy about our new president," wrote one of the Queens faculty members to a Queens student last summer. This prediction quickly became true almost at the moment that old and new students arrived on the campus in September. After greeting each other affectionately, old students' next inquiry was, "Have you met the new President? What's he like?" Thereupon they received an answer of high praise and delight concerning Dr. Jernigan. "Dr. Jay," as he is fondly titled, was out to meet everyone with a big, broad smile and warm, friendly handclasp. Although the students feel that they know him, there is still much to learn about Queens' new president. Perhaps a glance at the facts of his life will help us to know him even better.

Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan was born and reared in Dunn, N. C. When he went to college at Duke, he had the ambition to become a physician; however, he majored in English and classical languages. He played baseball in the summer to help meet college expenses. While a freshman he was a member of the wrestling team. As a result, at the end of the year, though only 17 years old, he weighed 150 pounds and had an 18-inch neck! By his own account, he was the "greenest" freshman that ever entered college. He still remembers the first question asked him in Bible on the day that he did not know the assignment. In 1925 Dr. Jernigan received his B. A. degree, and in 1926 his M. A., at the age of 21 years.

During the years 1926-28, Dr. Jernigan was head of the English, Latin, and Greek department at Rutherford College. When he began teaching, he was so youthful looking that the sophomores sometimes mistook him for a freshman: therefore, so that students might realize that he was a professor, Dr. Jernigan grew a mustache! Besides teaching, he sponsored a weekly campus paper, which he wrote almost entirely and helped to print on Friday afternoons. He also coached the tennis team.

For two years Dr. Jernigan taught English composition at the University of Chicago, and corrected an average of 120 themes per week. He later returned to Duke, where he held a university fellowship in Greek and Latin, and in 1935 he received his Ph.D. degree in the classics.

From 1935 to 1949 Dr. Jernigan

was chairman of the Department of Classics at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. During his stay at W. C., the classics department developed rapidly, and the library there became one of the best in classics in the South. His magnetism as a teacher is attested by the fact that, though there were only 32 students in his first mythology class, 200 were enrolled for that subject in the year when he left W. C.

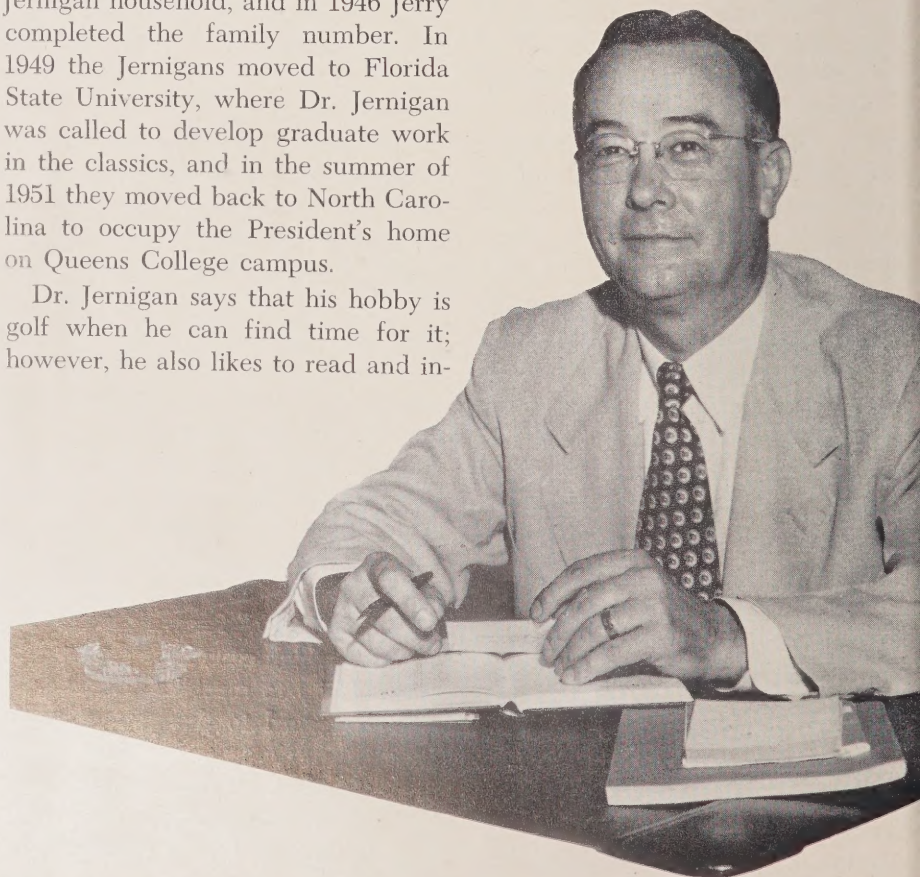
Meanwhile Dr. Jernigan married Miss Margaret Ledbetter of Princeton, whom he had known since college days. In 1943 Charles arrived at the Jernigan household, and in 1946 Jerry completed the family number. In 1949 the Jernigans moved to Florida State University, where Dr. Jernigan was called to develop graduate work in the classics, and in the summer of 1951 they moved back to North Carolina to occupy the President's home on Queens College campus.

Dr. Jernigan says that his hobby is golf when he can find time for it; however, he also likes to read and in-

terpret Greek philosophy and literature to students. He is a member of the American Philosophical Association, the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, the American Dialect Society, and Phi Beta Kappa, and he is a 32nd degree Mason and a Democrat. He is author of *Comic Incongruity in Aristophanes* and of a number of articles concerning classical studies.

Dr. Jernigan says that he plans to make Queens the best small college in the South—if not in the nation. In this desire the students are behind "Dr. Jay" all the way.

Dr. Jernigan sees many potentialities in a small college such as Queens. He said recently, "If Queens is to become a leading school and maintain its high status, it must have the support of Charlotte and the Presbyterian Church. Queens has that seclusion with old collegiate buildings in one of the fastest growing cities in the nation, which presents a great advantage to her students."



POSSIBLE CANDIDATES

●
Charlene Warren
●

College students are prone to think America as the symbol of freedom, the most constructive nation in the world. There is, however, a possibility that the 1952 Presidential election could swing the country into isolationism. The destiny of America is the responsibility of the voters and of the young people who are preparing themselves to vote.

A poll of 319 small daily and weekly newspapers across the nation, taken by the National Editorial Association, indicates what the people of America are thinking. The N.E.A. asked the question, "What man in each party is best qualified to be President?" Harry Truman led the Democratic prospects with 64 votes. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois was second with 63 votes, and Virginia's Harry Byrd had 62 votes. Ohio's Robert Taft led the Republican side with 128 votes, and General Dwight Eisenhower had 87 votes. These are the men Americans consider most prominent.

No one knows what our President is planning for the coming election. When Mr. Truman was asked how he felt in spite of his troubles, his reply was, "Well, I'll let someone else shoulder the troubles." This led some speculators to believe that Mr. Truman may not seek the office of President for another term. The second Democrat in the public mind, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, is an important top-notch economist who has broken several times with the Truman administration in its foreign and domestic policy. He is one of the few Democrats to win an election in Republican Illinois. He has not declared his candidacy, and it is generally be-

lieved that he does not want to seek the office. There is another Douglas whom the ardent New Dealers are rallying around enthusiastically. He is Associate Justice of the Supreme Court William O. Douglas, who refused the Democratic nomination for Vice-President last year. Douglas is generally thought of as a New Dealer and was one time Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. There is an unwritten prohibition, however, against Supreme Court justices' leaving the court to seek public office. This prohibition applies even more to Fred M. Vinson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who is also mentioned frequently. Those who back Vinson say that aside from the fact that he would make a fine President, he is a middle-of-the-roader, "a figure who might heal the breach in the Democratic party."

There is a fifth possible Democratic candidate in Senator Estes Kefauver from Tennessee, who proposed the Judiciary Committee's investigation of syndicated crime in the United States. Kefauver is popular among the people because he defeated the Crump machine in Tennessee. In response to the opinion that he is still young and has room to grow politically, Kefauver has announced emphatically that he is not too young to run.

Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, who was third in the N. E. A. poll, is an example of Southern conservatism behind whom the South might rally. At a meeting of anti-Truman Southerners he had no words of encouragement for the formation of a Dixiecrat party.

So far in the Republican realm there are only two announced candidates: Ohio's Robert Taft and Governor Earl Warren of California.

Taft is a popular conservative who is most likely for nomination because his organization is already hard at work. In his new book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*, Taft says that our foreign policy must be to protect the liberty of the people of the United States and to maintain peace.

Earl Warren, the second announced candidate for the Republican nom-

ination, is a popular man in the West. He appears to be in favor of the liberal wing of the Republican party. The articles appearing from time to time on his family life have kept the rest of the country interested in him.

Another very influential Republican figure is Thomas Dewey of New York. It is evident that Dewey will not attempt to run again, but he will have great influence on the nomination of a Republican candidate. The fact that he is still governor of New York is evidence of his power.

John Bricker, a Republican from Ohio, is also a possible candidate. Bricker is a conservative who played an important part in Dewey's campaign in 1948. If he does not announce his own candidacy, Bricker is likely to support Taft.

Actually no one knows the real political views of General Dwight Eisenhower. He has not even said that he is either Democrat or Republican. Even so, he is generally ranked among the Republicans because his expressed views are Republican in nature. Rumor has it that Truman would possibly back Eisenhower, but this story was probably "planted." When Eisenhower returned to this country to report to the President on his work under the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, he stated that as a military man he could not talk about civilian politics. To newsmen who questioned him about the coming election the general replied, "I will not indicate political leanings of any kind . . . I am on a job in which the U. S. has invested worlds of treasure and time and thought, and for me to imply or indicate any partisan political leanings of any kind would be a disservice to the country." At another time, however, he gave his followers hope by stating, "I haven't the effrontery to say I wouldn't be President."

Here is a list of availables; tomorrow there may be more, or less. These are the men for Americans to watch and to know. Only through unbiased reasoning, thoughtful consideration, and careful selection can good leaders be chosen.

Arty



Ann Woods

CHARACTERS

Elderly woman

Younger woman

Young man

Mother and Daughter

Uniform guard

Ernest Mills—famous artist

TIME—The present.

and silently regards the oil with the others.

YOUNGER WOMAN: What a hideous picture! What in heaven's name is it? All those squares and circles and curlicues. What do they stand for? Do they call that art?

ELDERLY WOMAN: It looks rather ridiculous to me, too, but the critics like that type of thing; so I guess you'll have to call it art. I must admit that I can see very few artistic qualities in it myself.

YOUNGER WOMAN: Artistic qualities? Well, I guess not! Maybe I'm dumb, but I just don't appreciate all this modern stuff.

YOUNG MAN: Why, modern art is one of the purest forms of self-expression. It represents a glimpse into the mind of the artist. Madam, that picture which you see before you was painted by one of the foremost modern artists in the country: Ernest Mills. That painting represents great inspiration and hours of intensive work.

ELDERLY WOMAN: Ernest Mills! Why didn't you say so? Oh, yes, I see the nameplate on it now. I don't know why I said the painting looked ridiculous. It's marvelous!

YOUNGER WOMAN: I don't think so. Mr. Mills doesn't mean a thing to me, and I still like to know what I'm looking at. Why, that's downright childish-looking! I know Johnny here could do as well.

(She moves away, after glancing at the other pictures, and, still leading the child, goes through the curtained doorway.)

YOUNG MAN: (Yearningly) It must be great to be able to paint like that. You know, I'm studying to be an artist, and I've always tried to pattern my work after Mr. Mills'.

ELDERLY WOMAN: I've always been a great admirer of his paintings, too, even though I don't draw myself. (Knowingly) This is one of the best examples of his work that I've seen yet.

(The young man gives a lingering look at the picture, then turns, too, and slowly leaves the room together, still talking. An amused smile crosses the face of

the drab-looking man left behind but at the sound of voices the smile leaves him, and on the entrance a very stout lady with a lorgnet and a young girl, he is scrutinizing a picture on the other side of the stage.)

GIRL: (In a whining tone) Mother, please let's go look for my new dress now. I've got to have it tonight. Please come on. Let's get out of this place with its moldy old pictures.

MOTHER: (With affected, martyr air) Here I've tried and tried to give you an appreciation of the finer things of life, and I get no response whatsoever for my effort. It seems as though with as great love for art as I have my own daughter would be more interested—Oh! (Pouncing on the modern painting, she raises her lorgnet to it) Darling! Here is what I brought you to see—by Ernest Mills. You know . . . the artist who won so many awards for his modern paintings. Look at that! The line, the depth of feeling expressed in those figures . . . That man is inspired!

GIRL: (Becoming interested in spite of herself) You mean he won awards for pictures like that? What is it supposed to be? It certainly doesn't look very lifelike.

MOTHER: My dear, I'm certainly glad now that I made you come. To think that you can stand there and act so ignorant about a great painting by one of the most eminent artists of our time. At least you've seen it now, whether you realize its true worth or not.

GIRL: Well—it's different from the others, anyway. And not so—so artsy-looking.

MOTHER. (Shocked) No so artsy-looking? My dear, that is a remarkable picture by a remarkable man. Such color tones—such lyrical shapes—Why, that picture is the very essence of all that is artistic.

GIRL: (Uninterestedly) All right. (Becoming impatient) I'm saturated with culture now. Can't we go? (They leave)

(Continued on page 15)

ALICIA HAD BEEN at Edgewood
ark College for almost a week be-
re she realized the small, spicy,
d-haired girl called Buzzard by the
her girls had only half of her right
m. That was because Buzzard was
ry clever about it. She always work-
l or sat close to the left side of any-
e so that her arm would not show.
hen no one else was around, she
ually managed to hide her partial-
empty sleeve effectively. Alicia
st discovered it just before supper
e evening. It happened in a rather
fortunate way.

The girls were gathered in a group
the reception room, waiting for
e house mother to come. They were
atterboxing madly among them-
selves in the tightly clinched groups
out that inevitable subject—the op-
posite sex. As Alicia walked into the
om, the same alien shut-out feeling
e had been experiencing all week
me over her again with sharper in-
nsity. She was a new girl—the only
e in her class. All the other juniors
ud been at Edgewood since their
eshman year. By this time they had
lled into a self-sufficient group that
ft no room for any new-comers un-
ss they were of an aggressive nature.
licia was not aggressive. So she went
ver to an empty corner of the room
nd stood there self-consciously —
awkwardly alone.

It was then that she noticed Buz-
ard sitting on the floor in front of
he fireplace knitting—with just one
and. From across the room where
licia was standing, it appeared that
buzzard was resting her right hand
a her lap as she knitted casually with
he left . . . I do not see how she
oes it. She must be left-handed,
licia thought absently as she watch-
d Buzzard's fingers slip off the
itches skillfully. Alicia could not
ven knit with two hands. Mother
id she did not have the patience
o sit down and work at it long
ough to learn. Alicia dreamed
ondly of making a beautiful cash-
ere Carolina blue sweater with a
neck, just the color of the one
buzzard was working on.

Suddenly Buzzard looked up to

NO HANDICAP

A Short Story by
Mary Lib Lemmons

laugh at something one of the girls
had just said. She must have seen
Alicia looking at her wistfully from
her lonely corner across the room, for
she smiled pleasantly and called out
to her, "Come on over here with us."

"All right," Alicia responded with
nonchalance.

It was the first time any of the
juniors had paid any attention to her
at all. She did not want to appear
overenthusiastic about it, though; so
she walked leisurely over to the
group, which parted ever so slightly
to let her slip quietly into it. An ex-
pectant hush settled over the girls as
they waited for the new girl to speak
up. What shall I say? I do not know
what to say! Alicia was desperate.
Then Buzzard smiled up at her en-
couragingly from her knitting.

"I was just admiring your knit-
ting," Alicia finally got out. Once
started, she rushed on headlong. "I
don't see how you can do it so easily
and with only one hand, too. I can't
even knit with two hands!"



Buzzard blushed furiously. She
stopped knitting abruptly. A hiss of
suppressed exclamation rose from
the circle of girls and buzzed insis-
tently around Alicia's head. What is
wrong? What have I said? she
thought frantically. Instinctively she
looked at Buzzard's knitting for a
clue. After an eternal moment Buz-
zard snatched it up again and
promptly dropped a stitch. With
mounting horror Alicia saw her raise
the telltale sleeve from its hiding-
place in her lap and hold her knitting
in place with it as she retrieved the
dropped stitch. Alicia could easily
see that Buzzard's right arm ended
at a point just below her elbow. The
rest was just an empty sleeve. "Oh,
I'm sorry!" Alicia whispered. "I didn't
know, you see. I mean, I hadn't
noticed. Please forgive me." She
turned away quickly, and the circle
of girls closed in on Buzzard hastily,
shutting Alicia out again. And this
time it was much colder outside.

At that moment Miss Williams, the
house mother, strutted into the room
like a proud mother hen. From her
lofty perch she smiled benevolently
down on the brood of "her girls." The
scattered segments of Buzzard's circle
brushed past Alicia as she walked
reluctantly toward the dining room.
She could hear snatches of the girls'
comments.

"Poor Buzzard. Of all things to
say!"

"But she didn't know!" a voice
cried out.

"Well, she should have noticed.
She must be very stupid."

Then Buzzard came along, walk-
ing slowly behind the others, with
one of the old girls' protecting arms
around her slight shoulders. The knit-
ting was tucked under her arm. She
looked old—ages old and very tired.
Alicia turned and fled, her eyes fill-
ing.

She ran out of the brightly lighted
dining hall, across the darkened cam-
pus, and into the junior dormitory.
She dashed up a flight of stairs to
her room, flung herself down in the
darkness of her closet, and gave way
to the overwhelming anguish within

For the next fifteen minutes the
Finally they began to
subside. Then Alicia got up from her
floor, gasping for breath. She
walked steadily over to her bed
and fell down upon it in an exhaust-
ed heap. Almost immediately she
dropped off into a troubled sleep in
which one-armed, blue demons lurk-
ed fondly in the dark shadows.

Half an hour later the house
mother anxiously awakened Alicia
and brought her a supper tray. "I
don't feel like eating anything to-
night," Alicia excused herself for her
absence from supper.

"The first week is always the hard-
est, my dear," the house mother said
with mechanical sympathy, thinking
that Alicia was smitten with the usual
ill of homesickness.

"Oh, it isn't that," Alicia hastened
to assure her, though at the moment
she wanted to see her real mother
more than anything else in the world.
"I just don't feel like eating tonight,"
she repeated. She picked at the sup-
per tray anyway, though, to rid her-
self of the house mother's oppressive
presence.

It was then that she decided to run
away from Edgewood that same
night. She reminded herself that she
did not want to go away to college
in the fall, when she had wanted
to stay at home with mother, father,
and her new cocker pup.
She wanted to ride those nice horses
of Mr. Bill's. She wanted to
go to the beach with Jane and
some of the other girls with
whom she had grown up. The mother
had said: "When you go away to
college, your father will have to con-
sider the question of the good in his house-
hold. He will need a good many things
you will need. He will need a good many
things you will need. He will need a good
many things you will need. He will need a
good many things you will need. He will
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many things you will need. He will
need a good many things you will need.

father like that either, but at the
moment she felt that she could face
anything in the world rather than
the juniors after what she had said
to Buzzard. She choked over her light
supper before the house mother's
eyes; she started to make careful
plans for the getaway that night to
calm herself.

It will be very simple, Alicia told
herself optimistically. This way there
will be no fuss nor bother. I shall
just sneak out after "lights out" and
go as far as I can by bus—that is the
cheapest way—on what is left of this
week's allowance. Then I shall walk
the rest of the way—from somewhere
in the middle of North Carolina, she
calculated roughly, back home to
Georgia.

When the house mother finally
satisfied herself that Alicia would not
starve, she left with the supper tray.
Alone at last, Alicia jumped off her
bed and began to set the stage for
the night's escape.

She threw a few non-essentials in-
to a brand-new suitcase mother had
bought for the ill-fated college ven-
ture. Then she laid out her new hat,
coat, and pocketbook, stopping to
count the remaining dollar and sixty-
five from her five-dollar allowance
for that week. She wished anxiously
that it were a little more. Then she
sat down on the edge of her bed to
wait impatiently for the evening to
pass.

A slight feeling of panic ran around
inside her half-empty stomach. After
the bell for "lights out" rings, I will
steal softly away in the dead of night,
just like a story, she decided.

At a sound of a knock on the door,
however, Alicia took a rather abrupt
tumble back into reality. She kicked
her suitcase under the bed, threw her
hat and coat into the closet, and then
calmly opened the door. Buzzard
stood there, looking confused and
overwhelmed. Her figure seemed lost
in the doorway. She made no attempt
to hide her partially empty sleeve.
She looked helplessly at her side. Alicia
stepped on to the doorknob to
see if there was a brief
moment on both sides.

"Oh, hello," Alicia finally said.

"Hello!" Buzzard responded eage-
ly. Another one of those pauses.
Then, "May I come in?" Buzza-
ventured shyly.

"Oh, sure—Yes, of course!—Com-
on in!" Alicia replied quickly. No
one of the juniors had come up to her
room. Buzzard was certainly the last
one she wanted to see at this par-
ticular moment.

"I was just wondering if you would
like to come down to my room and
have some cookies that my mother
sent me," Buzzard said. "They're
awfully good. They really are!" she
added enthusiastically. "Please
come."

"Oh, no!—thank you just the same."
Alicia backed off formally. "I couldn't
eat another thing right now. I just
finished supper. They brought it
to me on a tray." Her voice trailed
off unhappily in answer to Buzzard's
quizzical look.

"Oh. Well, come on down anyway."
Everybody's there," Buzzard pressed
on undaunted.

"No, thank you, really," Alicia said.
"I have too much—um—ah—studying
to do." She knew it was silly, but
she could think of was that hostile
circle of faces closing in on her at
Buzzard before supper.

Buzzard just stood there a while
uncertainly. Neither of them said
anything. It was Buzzard who finally
broke the silence.

"Listen," she said intensely, walk-
ing in and sitting down on the edge
of the bed to which Alicia had re-
treated. "Don't worry about my kni-
ting—I mean, about what happened
before supper tonight. I fell off my
horse when I was very young—on
eight years old. Then he ran back
and trampled over me—on my arm,"
she explained. "They had to take part
of it off—my arm, I mean, so I
wouldn't die of blood poisoning or
something. The other girls have
known me so long—I guess they feel
like they have to . . . protect me, or
something," she continued. "They
don't have to! They don't have to
at all!" she repeated, shaking her
bright red curls for emphasis. "I wish

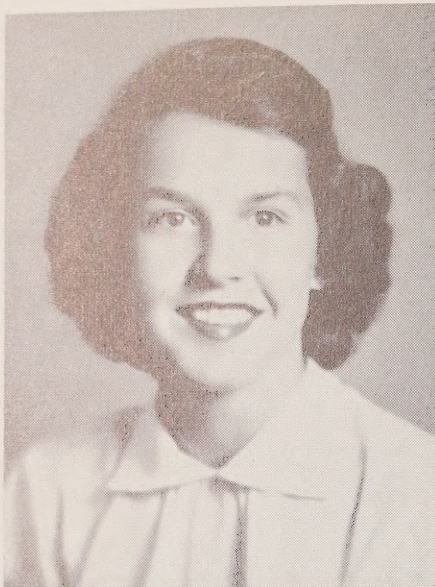
SOLILOQUY

Cornelia Dick

My soul, draw near while I recall events
Which have occurred to me this waking night,
When with strange dreams and fitful slumbers tossed
I passed the weary hours 'til sudden calm
Compassed my restless, wondering mind.
Therefore, My God," I cried, "am I here placed
On this earth of thine and with thy sons
To pass away a time and then depart?"
Then, lo, a vision strange had stirred my sleep,
A vision of a desert vast and wide
And uninhabited save by a wind
That tossed the whirling sand before its blast.
Looking closely, there a form I spied
Which I perceived to be my very own.
This form was bending low upon the ground
And slowly moving o'er the sea of sand
Driven by the wind that carried it across
The wide expanse and toward a chasm deep
That seemed an endless pit, a Great Beyond.
"God," I cried, "God, is there no escape?
What is the meaning of this dreadful scene?"
And then I heard a voice so full and deep
That like the sound of waters rushing by
It struck upon my ear and in my heart,
And this reply was spoken unto me:
"Life without purpose is a nomad's life
And barren, as you saw the desert bare:
And those who in such vague existence dwell
Are pushed about by wind of circumstance
Toward their impending doom. Sometimes appears
To the wandering soul a bright mirage:
But 'tis only a mirage, and soon it fades
And leaves the desert bleak and bare again."
In horror I attended every word,
And there I saw my own life mirrored clear;
And then it seemed the wind and sand swept o'er
My crouching form, and once again a dark
Oblivion stole upon my drowsy eyes
And bore me to the never-land of sleep.
How long I stayed in that insensate state
I now not, but I know full well I felt
No other vision strange disturb my rest.
Instead of howling wind, a mighty hum
Accompanied the substance of the dream.
Broad plains there were, and cities stretching wide
Across a fruitful land! and in them lived
A perfect harmony and peace sublime

The various races that on earth do dwell.
And each man in his separate sphere of life
Took to himself a task to do it well,
And each was well content to pass his time
In serving man and learning of his God.
And all were standing tall and stately fair
And slowly moving toward a glorious realm,
A mightier city, vast, eternal—there
To dwell with God forever in his love.
"O God," I cried, "God, lend me now thy light.
What is the meaning of this glorious scene?"
And then I heard a voice so full and deep
That like the sound of church bells chiming clear
It struck upon my ear and in my heart;
And this reply was spoken unto me:
"Life with a purpose is a noble life
And fruitful, as you saw the verdant plain;
And those whose lives are ordered to a plan
Can go their appointed ways with cheerful steps,
And all their tribulations are but clouds
Upon the eternal sun, which soon pass by
And leave the ethereal sky unclouded still."
"O God," I cried, "where can I find this land
And take my place among its citizens
And there with them grow noble, wise, and kind?"
"Ah, child," I heard, "this land you cannot find
By searching far and wide and farther still—
It is within yourself—in your own heart
Is hope or stark despair, is heaven or hell."
"O God," I cried, "I cannot now endure
Knowing what I have missed. Show me thy plan
For men on earth; show me thy plan for me."
Then spoke a kindly voice like church bells still:
"See, child," it said, "each man has his own way
By which he fills his place within the plan.
You, like all others, have your separate gift
Which you must use in serving man and God.
Despair not that your talent is not one
Which could avail to move the earth and heaven;
Fill your place only, with a joyful heart."
Thus spoke the voice to me, and then it said,
"Awake, my child, return unto the world;
For in the world there is a place for you.
Your individual gift God fits into
His great eternal plan. Arise, my child;
The night has ended, and the morning breaks."

Anne Clark



Anne Clark, Queens junior, has received state-wide recognition by being selected to represent North Carolina at the fifty-sixth Congress of American Industry and the First International Conference of Manufacturers in New York City. She was the guest of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf-Astoria from December 3-7. Anne was selected for this distinction on the basis of scholarship and leadership.

During her stay in New York, she attended the conferences of the industrialists in order to get an insight into the business world. She took part in a panel discussion of economic problems. The panel was composed of industrialists and outstanding youth leaders of this country.

"I am thrilled to have had this opportunity to meet prominent industrialists, and I hope that I represented Queens in the 'traditional' Queens manner," stated Anne.

Anne is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. She has been active in the Recreation Association and class activities on campus. She is majoring in religious education at Queens.

Conception

Frances Macpherson

A rose that sways in languid ease
Beside Narcissus' pool
Has danced with every gypsy breeze
That smoothed her bloody petals.
Why sing no more the rapturous
songs

That lured your love-nest full?
Yet toss as if your heart still longs
And leave the breeze-swung stem.
Still-wooing winds are cool;
They know the nest is full.
And ripples on the widening pool
Waft petals to the sea.

Pain

Cornelia Dick

Pain
And chill
And the cool thrill
Of clean white sheets,
A starched white uniform,
A quiet voice, "Take this and rest
a while."
A drink of water for a choked-up
throat,
A pillow soft and warm
Engulfing warmth and semi-darkness
A mystic world of formless shadows
Closing 'round a bed,
And then a dark oblivion
And . . . sleep.

white suede
with
rubber soles

Frenchies

\$6.98

bouncy and jouncy
campus classics . . . also in black,
grey or green suede . . . 4 to 9, AA to B

MAIL ORDERS

ANN LEWIS

113 NO. TRYON ST.

No Handicap

(Continued from page 12)

"You'd come downstairs and try some Mother's cookies. I really wish you would!"

Suddenly Alicia knew just how the old girls felt about Buzzard—and Alicia herself earlier in the evening. Buzzard was so small, and she looked helpless. She had only one hand with which to do anything. Alicia wanted to stay at Edgewood and help protect Buzzard, too. Then, just as suddenly, Alicia knew that Buzzard did not need any protection from her or from any of the old girls. She knew that Buzzard was much more capable than many people with two hands—for instance, Alicia herself. Buzzard could knit. Alicia could not, for she did not have the patience. That was something else. It did not have anything to do with one hand or two. Buzzard wanted to protect her, to keep her from being lonely, home-sick, or unhappy at Edgewood. Was

not that why Buzzard had asked her to come over and join the juniors before supper in the first place? No, Buzzard did not need any protection. It was Alicia who needed it. She decided to let Buzzard protect her.

"Oh, all right. I'll come down, for a little while anyway," Alicia finally said with a warm smile. "I guess I am a little hungry after all."

Arty

(Continued from page 10)

(The drab man who has been standing quietly near the two now turns and gives the motionless guard an amused look.)

GUARD: *(Showing signs of life)* Well, Mr. Mills, looks like your picture's making a big hit.

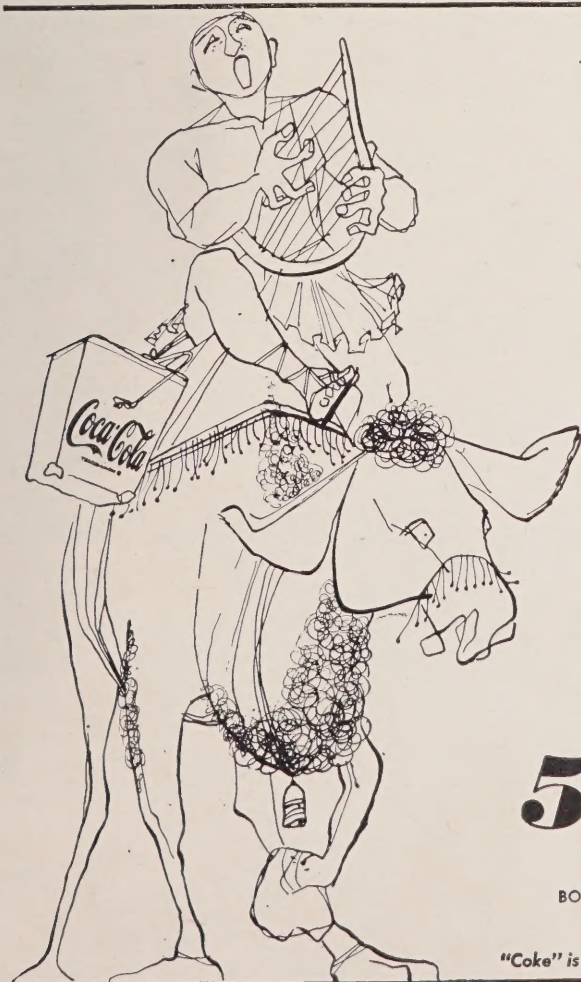
ERNEST MILLS: *(In a confidential tone)* I'll let you in on a secret. That's not my picture. It was done by my eight-year-old boy, the little rascal! He's Ernest Mills the Second. Got into my paints one afternoon. Quite an artist, isn't he?

(Giving a chuckle) I submitted that picture on a bet; wanted to see the public's reaction. It just shows what having a name can do.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T

Murphy Alexander

In a little town
Where gossip runs around
And every life's a play
There came a boy one day—
A boy who didn't care.
The people stood aghast,
They whispered when he passed,
They pondered him,
He puzzled them—
The boy who didn't care.
He said just what he thought,
Which really no one ought;
He did just what he would,
Which really no one should—
The boy who didn't care.
In this little town
Where gossip runs around
It's a secret in the clan
That the only happy man
Is the boy who didn't care.



AN OBSERVATION—B. C.

*... a pleasant companion
reduces the length
of a journey*

Publilius Syrus

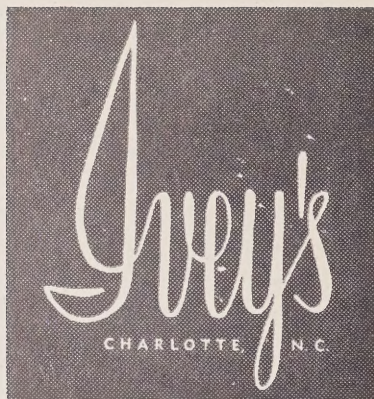
And what better companion could anyone have than a handy picnic cooler filled with delicious Coca-Cola. It's a sure way to travel refreshed.

5¢



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THE
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